

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1882.

A VERDICT OF GUILTY.

Guiteau Convicted of Murdering President Garfield.

The Jury Reaching a Decision Within Thirty Minutes.

THRILLING SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM.

The Verdict Received with Loud Applause,

Guttean Partly Breaks Down Under the

the defence said little or no exception could be

trivial comments, but they were unnoticed by the Judge and almost unheard by the people in the court room. It did not escape notice of members of the bar who heard the charge that in some respects Judge Cox had been fairer toward the prisoner even than his counsel had asked him to be, while on the other hand he had brushed away as insignificant and of no consequence some of the points which the prosecution had dwelt upon with seemingly the greatest confidence.
IN THE JURY'S HANDS.

Soon after 5 o'clock, and while dusk was be-coming darkness in the court room, the jury aged balliff making his way through the dense

the precedings. That he would like to be taken out of the would like to be taken out of the court into the Marshall offee and ludge Cox consented. Two baddiffs took bins one by each arm and he was led through the throng his head best over, his eyes top at he flow smalling along until be get out of the court room. In the Marshalls office he was seat of one chair in the corner and when one of the deputies spoke to him, asking him how he fest, he replied in a tremulous voice, it were on his nerves very much waiting for the jury to come in. He would not say what he thought of Judge Cox's charge. Fifteen amounts a perhaps, after the jury went out Judge Cox decided to give a recess for half an hour. As soon as the orier announced this the audience began to converse in loud tones. Women held dainly sandwiches in their flagers, and there was the fragrance of freshly cut apples. The whit-pering became marmaring, and like marmaring chatting. Everybody who had a seat kept if, no one would give up his place. Cerking the District Attorney, was a picture in pantonaine. His round head bobbed back and forth as he whispered to this or that man, and he threw off some of the official dignity which routine has rendered heavy for his shoulders. Somebody passed him a red apple. He put on the book of one insulaed and knocked it on the floor. Mr. Sowille stood like a statue with his arms folded, while Mr. Reed, who was taking with a lawyer sailly shook his head, as if in anticiontion of a verdict.

Within ter minutes after the recess had been taken the jury called to the battiff in waiting that they were ready with their verdict. They were informed that a recess had been taken the jury called to the battiff in waiting that they were ready with their verdict. They were informed that a recess had been taken the jury called to the battiff in waiting that they were ready with their room until the court reassembled. The rumor that the jury Suddenty a single shout from the court crie brought perfect silence. The door from th Marshal's office opened. They were bringing in the prisoner.

As he passed a point where the light struck his face, it gave his features a ghastly look. His law was firmly set, however, and he seemed to have recovered his self-passession. He glanced at the inry box, and then sat in the dock, his nack to the nuclease.

A minute later there was commotion upon the other side of the room. A bailiff whispered to the Judge, Corkhill straightened up, and looked very stern, Porter did not move a muscle, and Scoville still stood there with his arms folded.

The jury is coming," ran in a whisper

through the court room.

The door opened, and the shadowy forms of twelve persons aere seen filing into their place. No one could see enough of their faces to catch asy expression if there was one; but, had they shouted their yerdiet as they entered, they

"Guitty as indicted," responded the foreman.

Then the pent up feelings of the crowd found expression in uprearious demonstrations of appliage and approval.

Order! order!" shouted the bailiff.

Mr. Scoville and counsel for the prosecution were simultaneously upon their fest. Mr. Scoville attempted to address the Court, but the District Attorney shouted!

Wait till you have the verdict complete and in due form of law.

Or ler was at length restored, and the clerk, again addressing the jury, said:

Your foreman says 'Guilty as indicted.' So say you all."

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possible, reading little, if anything, concerning it, and holding little conversation about it. The

of preserving green crops in pits called silos. It was first practised in France by Auguste Goffart in 1873. The first to try it on a burge scale in this country were the Hon, Orlando B. Potter of New York in 1875, and Mr. Francis

Specimens of green crops preserved in silos